want to keep dry. And a mile or so further, where the road itself to all intents and purposes ends, cluster houses in a real village.

The village has thus an isolation. Once a week a schooner puts in from Papeete if the weather be fine ; once a week a lorry fetches up as far as it can go ; but the folk who live there have to depend upon themselves to some extent. Their village is a village with its own corporate existence, and, what is more to our purpose, it is a village not so unlike such villages as are scattered throughout all this group of islands. There are islands where trading schooners do not go; there are islands where they only go once a month; there are others, I believe, where their coming now makes little difference; but for the most part this village is a good enough example of what the Pacific has come to be.

To begin with, it is amazingly beautiful. As

you cross the river you catch your breath, and
what you see as you cross, you can see from the
village beach also, since the river turns and twists
on its road to the sea. A great rugged mountain
lifts its unclimbed head right up the valley ; palms